

TINY TOKENS.

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The tapping of a bird's foot
Upon a dipping lough,
The sound of grazing of a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo of a wood's hill,
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall,
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule;
Such music is not understood
By any school,
But when the brain is overwrought
It hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power
To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent homeward,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmest pressure of the hands,
The touch of a cheek,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard,"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word,
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The gifts of heaven they have shown
Sant sympathy,
But, when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!"

—Stanford Truth.

The Clock Tower
Of Rozsno.

The Clock Stopped When the
Ring Came Off Her Finger,
But Afterward Reeled Off
The Hours In a Hurry.

The following incidents are set forth
in an old chronicle of "Village Life In
Hungary."

It is related how one day the beautiful
Elizabeth Grunblatt returned, without
warning, to Janos Gothard, her betrothed,
his ring. Now it can readily be
imagined how like lightning the news of
this event spread around the town of
Rozsno and what a dust it raised.

And why not? Was Janos Gothard,
Jr., I ask you, in any way a person to be
trifled with? The son of Mayor Gothard,
whose bears and forbears had
always formed a powerful dynasty in
their native village!

Now was a girl like Elizabeth Grunblatt
to be picked up on every rubbish heap,
she, too, came of a fine old stock,
whose offshoots had frequently graced
the judicial bench; nay, were old Joseph
Grunblatt still alive—but that is
neither here nor there.

Even if young Janos Gothard were a
personage with whom it was best to
take liberties, surely a betrothal ring is
not a fit object for such a pastime.

Hence great was the excitement. The
people assembled in eager groups in the
squares and streets and discussed the
probable outcome of the affair; general
opinion leaning to the belief that the
Gothard family would not accept the
rebuff in silence.

Then broke in upon their disturbed
minds this second wonderful event,
which also spread like wildfire; the
tower clock had stopped that morning
at precisely the hour and the minute at
which Elizabeth Grunblatt had drawn the
ring from her finger! It was exactly
as though Providence had directly
interposed to arrest the hands and intended
to hold them captive until the full truth
of the matter should come out!

Now this tower clock had always
been as great a source of pride to the
Rozsnoites as the fair fame of their
women, and here, at one blow of fate,
was all over with both! They had good
reason, too, for their pride, particularly
in the clock, for it was truly a marvel
of its kind, so much so that the famous
Albertus Trubius had journeyed
way from Switzerland the preceding
year expressly to study its mechanism.

The wardens had not been at all inclined
to permit this profanation, but old
Senator Komives gave utterance to this
remark:

"Let us not close our ears to the
man's request, since we can be perfectly
assured that the wonders of our clock
will find no room in his head!"

And such was really the case. A
whole week long he rummaged and
poked and pounded about among its
mighty wheels and hammers, its innumerable
little rods and triggers, and with the
result that Saturday evening, when
he had done, he knew precisely as much
as he did Monday morning when he began.

There was but one man alive who
understood the mechanism of the Rozsno
clock, and that was Martin Szontagh,
its maker, and he was dumb. But he
could never, in any case, have been
induced to reveal its secrets, since it
was positively the only one of its kind
in existence. In the records of that day
it is repeatedly set forth that in all
cases of dispute, where the knowledge
of time was a necessity, the law decreed
that that of the Rozsno clock should be
accepted as the standard.

The remarkable feature of this clock
was the separating, at noon and at
midnight, of its face into two parts, allowing
a clock to come forth, amid an
insane din of hammers, wheels and
springs, simulating the while a cry,
like the crowing of a cock, which rang
out over the silent roofs and into the
busy movement of the streets this warning:

"Lutherans, look to yourselves!"

Now, at all once, the mighty thing
was still. It was exactly as though
it were making the mute declaration:

"I move not again by the breath of
a hair. Mornings can dawn and evenings
fall for all me; I remain as I am
secure as God sees me. I have also shut
the cock up away from you forever
more!"

Now is it really worth while, I ask
you, to endure all this on account of a
woman? To the Rozsnoites it was an
indubitable fact that the stopping of
the clock had directly to do with the
whims of a capricious girl, else why
could it not have stopped yesterday, or
Elizabeth sent back the ring tomorrow?

To all overtures looking toward a
reconciliation, the obstinate girl's only
reply was:

"I would rather marry the devil
than Janos Gothard!"

"Very well," flared up the affronted
one. "I can't hand you over to the

devil, but I'll do worse!" and he carried
the matter into court.

The learned Paul Szakmary was
chosen as Gothard's counsel, Stephen
Miskolci that of Elizabeth. From now
on these two honorable gentlemen
shouted all the other proffer of the
affair off on to their own shoulders.

For three full weeks they hurled every possible
epithet at each other through the
medium of their clerks (that being the
first stage of the snit); then, when their
mutual wrath had reached the required
pitch, they opened out upon each other
with the usual charges and countercharges.

Seven ecclesiastical gentlemen of the
vicinity were selected as jury. They
presented exactly the appearance, in
their black robes, with the long white
beards hanging down from around their
necks, of seven bottles of medicine.

Pale and agitated appeared the ex-
sanguine before the august body, proud
and defiant Elizabeth Grunblatt.

Heaven, how beautiful she was! Her
snow white gown clung tightly to her
perfect form—it had been destined to
be her bridal gown perhaps—and three
roses glowed in her chestnut hair, all
three blood red, the color of love and
inextinguishable hate! And what the
roses failed to express was given
utterance to by those two stars, her eyes:

"No, I will never relent—never,
never!"

In vain plaintiff and defendant were
made to confront each other. The representatives
of justice even took Elizabeth
to one side and personally remonstrated
with her, but to all she only shook
her lovely head, "No!"

"Damnation will overtake thee, girl!"
warned the foreman, George Fabriczy.

"Thou wilt be boiled in a kettle in
the next world!" threatened Paul Szontagh,
the scribe who, with his mind's
eye, could already see the seething caldron
into which the radiant young woman
was to be plunged. Verily, the church
deputies overfascinated tasks to her
servant, the devil! But through all the
maiden remained steadfast, giving
the honorable council thereby opportunity
for much vigorous debate.

At last the parties to the suit were
conducted from the room and the jury left
to its deliberations.

"I propose to the reverend body,"
opened the foreman, George Fabriczy,
"that we declare the maiden guilty
and sentence her as follows: For the
period of seven years she shall not
marry, neither shall she during that
time indulge in any form of worldly
diversion whatever."

"Let us put it to the vote," said another.
"Yes" and "nay" and "nay" signified
acquittal."

Paul Szontagh called off the names
and inscribed after each the response.

"Peter Salitius?"
"Yes."

"Samuel Urzinyi?"
"Yes."

"Charles Vitoris?"
"Yes."

At this point Miskolci hurriedly
scribbled a few words on a scrap of paper
which he passed over to Paul Szontagh.

The scribe, however, took no notice,
but went on uninterruptedly down the list:

"Paul Bistricky?"
"Yes."

"Constantin Revencan?"
"Yes."

So far two "yes" and three "nays."

There were now only lacking the voices
of Szontagh and the foreman. Paul
Miskolci strove, by every means in his
power, to get Szontagh to read the
writing on the bit of paper which he
was now crumpling carelessly in his
hand; but, all unheeding, he uttered,
like the foreman, a "yes" in his turn.

Thus was pronounced that hard decree
which has been brought down by chroniclers
to this very day.

Now, at last, Paul Szontagh opened
the paper and read what was written
upon it: word for word it ran thus:

"Elizabeth Grunblatt sent Janos
Gothard back his ring because it is
your reverence she loves!"

The word seemed to whirl in a circle
round Paul, his blood surged and his
eyes danced. The most beautiful and
best born girl in upper Hungary in love
with him! How different her conduct
appeared to him now! How had he
ever brought himself to utter that
"yes!"

"And now, Brother Szontagh, be
pleased to take down the verdict."

The scribe seized the pen with a hand
that trembled, and it was only by the
strongest effort of will that he was enabled
to write at the foreman's dictation.

"The parties may re-enter!" announced
George Fabriczy. When in the room,
Elizabeth and Janos remained standing
by the door with averted faces. In a
choking voice the young clergyman read
to them the decree which ran as follows:

"That the sacredness of the holy institution
of matrimony be preserved, and to ward
from us the wrath to come, we do hereby
ordain that the girl, who has held these
both in so light case, shall, for the period
of seven years remain unmarried; she shall
also, in that time, strictly abjure each
and every form of worldly amusement."

Most cruelly was this conceived. Elizabeth
was just three-and-twenty, and to that
seven years during which she was not to
lay the virgin's wreath from her beautiful
dark head, and to obtain as a result 30,
and a full fledged old maid! The reverend
gentlemen had reckoned out with extreme
nicety the exact way to make of the
radiant blossom a sallow stalk. Janos
Gothard announced himself as satisfied,
and Elizabeth left the room, with down-
cast eyes, without a word.

The very next day Paul Szontagh
and Miskolci began to set on foot the
most earnest measures to obtain a reversal
of the ecclesiastical decision. They even
finally reached, with their petition,
the very steps of the throne itself, but all
in vain. The affair remained precisely
where it was.

They had at last relinquished all
hope when one day it came to pass
that, on meeting old Martin Szontagh
in the street, Janos Gothard, Sr., not
only did not return his greeting; but
pointedly turned away his head. Now,
old Szontagh had the reputation of being
a man who held himself in very high
esteem. He was the maker of the famous
clock, had been decorated by royal hands
for the same, and this averting of a
Gothard head he took extremely ill. Upon
arriving home he wrote upon his tablets
and handed them to his son:

"Have you any quarrel with the
Gothards?"

The young man then related to him
the whole story. How beautiful Elizabeth
Grunblatt had been tried and condemned,
and how he himself was now consumed
with love for her.

"Why haven't you said a word to
me about this?" wrote back the father.
His son smiled sadly. What can a dumb
man accomplish where agile tongues
have failed? But the old man only
shook his gray head again and again
and began hammering and snipping
away angrily with his tools, for he had
recently set to work with great zeal at
repairing the disturbed mechanism of
the tower clock. Easter Sunday was
drawing near, and on that glorious
morning he had promised the clock
should resume its wonderful career. It
would be superb, would it not, on the
day of our Lord's resurrection, to see
the cock appear again between his open
doors and hear ring out, as loud and
shrill as ever, his admonishing cry?

The old man spent the last days before
Easter shut up in the tower itself. Finally
all was in readiness. Exactly at noon
on Easter Sunday, in the midst of the
hurras of a multitude gathered from
miles around, the works of the far famed
Rozsno clock set in motion. The jubilation
was great, but, alas, of short duration!
The clock went, but at what a
consternating rate of speed! The hour
hand galloped around the face 12
hours in one, the minute hand flew
from figure to figure in the dizziest
leaps and springs, while, instead of appearing
once every half day, as had been his
custom, the cock struck open his doors
every 60 minutes and trumpeted forth
in a more terrific voice than ever:

"Lutherans, look to yourselves!"

"Woe, woe is upon us!" cried the
people, beside themselves with fear. The
three oldest senators betook themselves,
pale, to Martin Szontagh.

"Disaster, master; disaster!" they
cried. "Our clock is mad!"

A cunning smile played over Martin's
gray old face. He seized his tablets.

"This clock is but doing its duty,
gentlemen. You all admit that the time
it sets must, in every case, be accepted
by Rozsnoites as the standard!"

"Yes, yes; that is true," affirmed the
senators. The old man pursued:

"You have condemned the girl my
son would take to wife to seven years'
penance!"

"H-m-m!" growled Emerich Komives,
a light breaking in upon him.

"I have, therefore, so adjusted the
clock that it shall tell off those seven
years in seven months!"

"But—but you will set it right?"

"When my purpose is achieved,"
The deputation strolled, crestfallen,
home.

In an hour, I should say, 12, the
reason for the clock's unaccountable
performance had spread throughout the
town.

The chief magistrate took counsel
with his aids.

"The clock will bring disgrace upon
us!"

"In just so much as it was formerly
our pride will it now work our confusion!"

"Let us give in!"

Again the senators betook themselves
to Martin.

"Elizabeth Grunblatt's time of penance
shall be measured according to the clock's
present rate of speed; but, in God's name,
let it in future run as befits its
name!"

Thus it was that at the very next
grape pressing Elizabeth Grunblatt became
Mrs. Paul Szontagh.—Translated
From the Hungarian For Short Stories.

Lord Braxford was a man of few
words, and when he courted his second
wife he said to her: "Lizzie, I'm looking
out for a wife, and I thought you
just the person to suit me. Let me have
your answer tomorrow."

The lady, the next day, replied in
the affirmative. Shortly after the marriage
Lord Braxford's butler came to him,
saying that he wished to give up his
situation, as he could not stand her
ladyship's continual scolding.

"Man," Braxford exclaimed, "you've
little to complain of; you may be thankful
you're not married to her!"

In the Police Court—Tried and Judged
in It—Fred.

Some time ago Judge Andy E. Calhoun,
judge of the police court of Atlanta,
had occasion to pass a sentence that
was gratifying to him, and if
people will take his advice much suffering
will be alleviated. The judge is
subject to nervous headaches and
dyspepsia. Here is his sentence:

"I am a great sufferer from nervous
sick headache and have found no remedy
so effective as Tyler's Dyspepsia
Remedy. If taken when the headache
first begins it invariably cures."

Price 50 cents per bottle.

For sale by Wilhite & Wilhite,
Sample bottle free on application to
Tyler's Dyspepsia Remedy Co., Atlanta,
Ga.

A Maine farmer who raises fine
strawberries, came to Wells village
recently and commenced peddling them
at 15 cents a box. He sold quite a
portion of his load at that price, when
he found he must sell at two boxes
for a quarter. Then he retraced his
route and refunded the difference to
all those who paid the 15 cents a box.

"Our baby was sick for a month with
severe cough and catarrhal fever. Although
we tried many remedies she kept
getting worse until we used One
Minute Cough Cure—it relieved at
once and cured her in a few days."

B. L. Nance, Prin. High School Bluff-
dale, Texas. Evans Pharmacy.

In a lecture delivered at San Francisco
recently, Dr. Hartland Law declared
that women ought to propose marriage
as well as men. He said that this
would result in 50 per cent more
marriages, and the women who heard
him hardly knew whether to be pleased
or angry at his views.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure thoroughly
digests food without aid from the
stomach, and at the same time heals
and restores the diseased digestive
organs. It is the only remedy that does
both of these things and can be relied
upon to permanently cure dyspepsia.

Evans Pharmacy.

More money is spent to keep wet
than to keep dry—the umbrella trade
amounts in this country to 4,000,000
while the liquor traffic is about ten
times as great.

The Best Remedy for Flux.

Mr. John Mathias, a well known
stock dealer of Pulaski, Ky., says:

"After suffering for over a week with
flux, and my physician having failed
to relieve me, I was advised to try
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy, and have the pleasure
of stating that the half of one bottle
cured me." For sale by Hill-Orr
Drug Co.

May Prolong Life Greatly.

The New York Herald of Saturday
says: Two physicians of Greater New
York are experimenting with lymph
from the glands of goats, which has
been prepared by Dr. B. F. Roberts,
of Green City, Mo. The lymph was
the topic of many discussions in medical
circles recently, when its discoverers
asserted that it had the power of
curing many ills and of introducing
new life into the feeble and suffering.

It was announced to the public as
the latest step toward the discovery of
an elixir of life, which the celebrated
Dr. Brown-Sequard sought after so indefatigably
but vainly in the declining
years of his life.

While no claim is made by the two
physicians of this city who are using
the fluid that it gives youth to the
aged, one of them, who has employed it
in the cases of eighteen patients,
declares that the results have been remarkably
successful, and that the lymph
will be among the crowning medical
triumphs of the century.

Dr. Frederick C. Holden, of No. 34
Piazza avenue, Brooklyn, is the physician
who declares that the lymph has
worked wonders among eighteen patients.

Some of the patients, he says, have
been cured of chronic ailments which
had defied the efforts of physicians
for years. He alleges that it is particularly
efficacious in locomotor ataxia cases.

Dr. Holden became interested in
the lymph last May. He took a trip
to Chicago during that month in order
to watch the experiments with the fluid.

At first he was highly sceptical,
but soon realized, he declares, that the
preparation was healing ill persons,
whose cases had been considered practically
beyond cure. He says that he saw cases of chronic
rheumatism, diabetes, locomotor ataxia
and other ailments gradually improve
under treatment.

He decided to be instructed in the
use of the lymph. The instruction lasted
five days. He returned to Brooklyn
fully convinced that the lymph was of
great value. A sufficient quantity of the fluid to treat
ten cases was sent to him. He began to
work with it in June, since which
time the lymph, he says, has either wholly
cured or improved his patients.

He injected it subcutaneously into
his wife and himself. The result has
been, he asserts, that his wife has
treble the power of endurance and
that he has been materially benefited.

Dr. Roberts' process is the trans-
plantation of "life cells" from the
lymphatic glands of goats into the
human system. His contention is
that by the lymph it is possible to re-
juvenate worn out human bodies with
the aid of goats.

"A skillful gardener," said Dr.
Holden last night, "can carry life cells
from one plant to another. But scientists
agree that the higher the organism the
greater the difficulty of cell transplantation."

Dr. Roberts asserts that he has been at work on this
idea of cell transplantation for thirty
years. He contends that the lymph
increases the richness of the blood, it
increases the activity and function of
the whole blood cells; it causes an in-
creased elimination of the waste products
of the body, such as diseased cells,
foreign accumulations and poisonous
excretions. It is a positive specific
against the poisons of rheumatism
and the results of rheumatism.

"Acute rheumatism is not benefited,
neither is any other acute disease. It
has not failed to cure functional dis-
eases of the nervous system. In organic
diseases due to sclerosis or over-
growth of connected tissue the curative
results have been incomplete in a few
and complete in the majority of cases
treated."

"In the twelve hundred cases treated
by this lymph there has not been a
single death since the experiments began,
more than a year ago. The lymph is
administered subcutaneously by
hypodermic syringes. Dr. Roberts is
not a follower of Dr. Brown-Sequard.

He does not say that he has discovered
the fountain of youth."

Dr. Holden declined to discuss the
individual cases which he has treated
with the lymph.

The other physician who is experi-
menting with the lymph is Dr. R. W.
Steger, of No. 62 West 37th street,
this city. Dr. Steger returned from
Chicago on Monday, after receiving
instructions how to use the lymph.

One Minute Cough Cure quickly
cures obstinate summer coughs and
colds. "I consider it a most wonder-
ful medicine—quick and safe."—W. W.
Merton, Mayhew, Wis. Evans Pharmacy.

During a trial for assault in St.
Louis, a club, a rail, an ax handle,
a knife and a shot gun were exhibited
as the instruments with which the
deed was done. It was also shown
that the assaulted man defended him-
self with a scythe, a revolver, a pitch-
fork, a chisel, a handsaw and a dog.

The jury decided that they'd have
given a dollar apiece to have seen the
fight.

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Judge A.—Well, Uncle Zeb,
where are you going? The Benedict
—I was just going to do some, you
see, you, and get a remorse from
that yaller limb dat I married the yard-
er day. Judge A.—Why, see here;
that won't do. Didn't you promise
me you would take her for better or
worse, and all that? The Benedict—
Yes, sah; but den she am a sight
wuss dan I took her fur.

Laid away in the savings banks
of New York State are \$1,500,000 in
dormant accounts. Some of these
accounts are nearly seventy years old.
None are less than twenty-two years
old. During all that time the owners
have never added a cent to them or
taken a cent away.

Quickly cure constipation and re-
build and invigorate the entire system
—never gripe or nauseate—DeWitt's
Little Early Risers. Evans Pharmacy.

Prayer at all Times is Possible.

The Rev. James S. Moffatt, D. D.,
of Chester, S. C., occupied the pulpit
of the First Presbyterian Church,
Carnegie, last night, and delivered an
interesting and powerful sermon. His
text was taken from the 17th verse of
the 8th chapter of Paul's first letter to
the Thessalonians: "Pray without
ceasing." During the discourse he said:

"Our first impulse on reading these
words is to ask the question of our-
selves, Is not this an absurd, imprac-
ticable and impossible exaction? Is
it possible that we are asked to spend
all our time on our knees in prayer?
Could anyone do such an absurd, imprac-
ticable, improbable and impossible
thing as this, and the natural answer
suggests itself that the exaction could
not be complied with."

"If we were asked to comply with
the wording alone of this text we
would all plead that we are too busy;
that we cannot be on our knees all the
time while our affairs are unattended.
Yet when looking through the Scrip-
ture we are attracted to the example
of Daniel in complying with the com-
mand to pray without ceasing. Daniel
was one of the head men in a kingdom
of 150 provinces—in fact, he was
second only to the King himself—and
yet we find that he had had certain
times for prayer."

After giving a picture of Daniel's
daily life he continued: "When Samuel
bade farewell to the Israelites as
their Judge he said: 'God forbid that
I should ever sin in ceasing to pray
for you,' and our first thought is, 'How
did he manage to pray for them during
the remaining years of his life? This
is not the meaning of his words, but
what he meant was that the people of
Israel were very dear to him and he
would lose no opportunity of praying
for them. When a child in roaming
around gets hurt it goes straight to its
mother and pours out its trouble in
her lap. So with the Christian, his
first thought when in trouble should
be to go to God and lay his troubles
before Him. We can pray without
ceasing, however, for praying does not
necessarily mean that we should be on
our knees. We can pray at the desk,
behind the counter, on the street, at
the plough, everywhere, even though
our hands be busy."—Pittsburg Dis-
patch.

A New England school teacher
received the following note of caution
from the anxious mother of one of her
pupils: "Dear Miss, please do not push
Johnny too hard for so much of his
brains is intellect that he ought to be
held back a good deal or he will run
to intellect entirely and I do not desire
this. So please hold him back so as to
keep his intellect from getting bigger
than his body an injuring him for life."

Hamilton Clark, of Chaucery, Ga.,
says he suffered with itching piles 20
years before trying DeWitt's Witch
Hazel Salve, two boxes of which com-
pletely cured him. Beware of worth-
less and dangerous counterfeits. Evans
Pharmacy.

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